"The Agitator's Wife" (1894): The Story behind James Connolly's Lost Play?

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ABSTRACT

The centenary of the Easter Rising in 2016 and the 150th anniversary of James Connolly's birth in 2018 afford an ideal opportunity to reappraise this unique figure. Rightly renowned for his polemical journalism and political theory, Connolly is less celebrated for his creative writing. His 1916 play, *Under Which Flag?*, long considered lost, resurfaced fifty years ago without causing significant ripples in Irish literary circles, but interest in Connolly's role in the struggle for Irish independence continues to grow, and critics are becoming increasingly aware of the fusion of feminist and socialist thought that shaped his particular anti-imperialist agenda. In this context his creative writing takes on new significance. A second lost play of Connolly's, *The Agitator's Wife*, has never been found, but its discovery would surely deepen our understanding of this gifted radical thinker. In this essay we suggest that an anonymous short story bearing that very title, published in a short-lived Christian socialist journal of the 1890s, may be a crucial missing piece in solving the puzzle of Connolly's forgotten drama.

KEYWORDS

James Connolly; lost works; *The Agitator's Wife*; Irish theatre; industrial action: *Under Which Flag?*

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The centenary of the Easter Rising in 2016 afforded an opportunity to reflect on the significance of Scottish-born James Connolly's contribution to modern Irish history.[1] It also provided a chance to discuss the extent to which women contributed to political struggle in this period, including Connolly's fellow Irish-Scot, Margaret Skinnider, his two older

surviving daughters, Nora and Ina, and rebel mother Kathleen Behan, who proved a hugely influential figure for decades.[2] It is 150 years since the birth of Connolly in 1868, and there can be no better time to announce a new discovery that has the potential to lead to a fresh appraisal of his role as both writer and political activist, as well as his distinctive ability to combine feminist and socialist perspectives. This discovery arose from a three-way conversation about Connolly's creative output, scattered corpus, lost works and early penchant for anonymous or pseudonymous publication. Once we unshackled Connolly's name from a key lost title – "The Agitator's Wife" – searching online for that title became simpler, especially when we shifted our focus away from "Irish" and "Drama". A chance reference to Connolly's authorship of a short story – a ghost reference as it happened – led to that search being widened beyond a supposed lost play to take in any work bearing that title.[3] The search closed in on a journal archived in Warwick University Library, whose contents were helpfully listed in the scrupulous catalogue entry.[4] A copy of the story was sourced and it quickly became clear that this anonymous tale bore the imprint of Connolly's political perspective and experience as a trade union activist in the period of its publication.

First, some background. Connolly, a prolific writer, is known to have authored two plays. For a long time both of these works were presumed to be lost. As one editor of Connolly's writings remarked:

> It is sad that the scripts of Connolly's two known plays, *The Agitator's Wife*, written in the USA, and *Under Which Flag*, performed at Liberty Hall, Dublin, on 26 March 1916, a few days before the rising, have been lost. Perhaps more systematic searching might bring to light more of his creative writing.[5]

More systematic searching did lead to the recovery of one of these plays. *Under Which Flag?* was a play caught up in history. Set at the time of the Fenian Rising of 1867, Abbey actor

Seán Connolly (no relation), who played Dan McMahon, the blind veteran of the 1848 Rising, was the first rebel casualty of the Easter Rising.[6]

The play's earliest reviewer and James Connolly's literary executor, Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, a bystander, was also a casualty of the conflict. These three deaths – author, actor, and executor – were contributory factors in the play's disappearance for over fifty years. As Kirsty Lusk notes: "no surviving copies of *Under Which Flag?* were to be found until 1969, when […] an archivist in the National Library of Ireland discovered a copy amongst the William O'Brien papers, after being enlisted by Connolly's daughter Nora to assist in rediscovering the play".[7] It was a major find: *Under Which Flag?* was the better known of the two lost plays, since it had a performance record and a review.[8] After the discovery, a rehearsed reading of *Under Which Flag?* was performed at Liberty Hall on 13 May 1969.[9] Tellingly, as James Moran comments, history caught up with Connolly and buried the play once more: "The Troubles put Connolly in the dock along with the other rebels, and the historian Owen Dudley Edwards' 1973 call for the compilation and publication of Connolly's works came to nothing".[10] A further production adapted by Jim Sheridan followed in 1986, and with the advent of the peace process in the 1990s, interest in Connolly's work was revived.[11] But Connolly has not been well-served by historians. Roy Foster's magisterial study of the period makes much of the theatricality of political events and mentions Connolly's contribution only in passing: "Even the Marxist ideologue and labour leader James Connolly was a part-time playwright; in 1915 [*sic*] the drama group of the socialist militia, the Citizen Army, mounted his history-play about the 1867 Fenian Rising, *Under Which Flag?*"[12] The centenary of the Rising raised Connolly's profile and on 26 March 2016 at City Hall and again on 15 October at Liberty Hall, 100 years after it was first staged there, *Under Which Flag?* was performed, with Sabina Coyne-Higgins, wife of Irish President Michael Higgins, among the cast.

If in writing *Under Which Flag?* Connolly borrowed from Yeats and Lady Gregory's *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* then might he provide an intriguing parallel for the greatest literary reckoning with the Rising? Connolly and Yeats were yoked together dramatically by the former's actor namesake. As Shaun Richards notes:

> *Cathleen ni Houlihan* was scheduled to play at the Abbey on Monday 24 April 1916 but had to be cancelled because of the Rising. Sean Connolly, the actor who was due to play the role of the father in the play, had already in March performed in James Connolly's play *Under Which Flag?* produced by the Irish Workers Dramatic Company.[13]

When in *Under Which Flag?* would-be informer Mary O'Neill invokes the everyday ordinariness of the local men she witnesses drilling for Irish freedom, "practising shooting when they ought to be quiet at home like other decent people", she appears to foreshadow "Easter 1916", the ambivalent anthem Yeats wrote on the "terrible beauty" of doomed bravado and ordinary heroism.[14] Mary's ridicule, before Dan rebukes her, rehearses the familiar put-down of would-be revolutionaries who have day jobs more mundane than their participation in political upheaval suggests:

> I saw Mat Hegarty of the shop beyant in the town, him that has his hair plastered down the middle, and talks so polite to the gentry when they come in and keeps the poor people standing […] And big Ned that passes round the plate on Sundays in chapel, and made me get up from the seat at last Mass a week ago and make room for a black stranger, and always shakes the plate in my face although he knows I have never a penny about me […] I'll have my laugh at every one of them that was out with guns tonight. The schoolmaster, and Paddy Ford the blacksmith, and ould Jack

> the shoemaker, that ought to be in bed nursing the rheumatism that he do be complaining about every time I go to see if he had mended my Aunt's boots. And Flanagan the tailor carrying a gun instead of a goose, an' sure it's a goose he looks himself, an' Tony Rafferty, an' Dan Hayden, an' Peter Casey, and Mick Geraghty, and – and – every neighbour's son in the parish and more besides.[15]

By the play's end Mary's tune has changed dramatically as she urges Frank "for love of me and for love of Ireland go out with the boys".[16] It is notable that she herself does not volunteer, where other women did.[17] According to Marie Coleman: "Approximately 300 women were involved in the 1916 Easter Rising, holding buildings, supplying Volunteers and acting as messengers in the main sites of action in Dublin, Wexford and Galway".[18] Connolly was surrounded by inspiring women, including Winifred Carney, Maud Gonne, Constance Markiewicz, Alice Milligan, Hannah Sheehy-Skeffington, and Margaret Skinnider. Some were actors in both the dramatic and political sense. Abbey performer Helena Molony, manager of the Irish Workers' Dramatic Company that staged *Under Which Flag?*, and Kate Barrett, Seán Connolly's sister, who appeared in the play, both participated in the Rising as part of the Irish Citizen Army.[19]

Under Which Flag? has been published twice since its recovery and has attracted a small but significant body of critical writing.[20] Ironically, even after its discovery there was still some confusion around its status, with some critics unaware of its existence. Reviewing a new collection of Connolly's "lost writings" published in 1997, Peter Berresford Ellis reveals that he still considered both plays lost: "when I first saw the volume, I immediately thought it might contain the texts of some of Connolly's truly lost writings such as his plays *The Agitator's Wife* and *Under Which Flag*".[21] Connolly's corpus remains in a state of chassis, with the creative writing often viewed separately – if at all – from the political prose. Even a

study of 1916 as insightful as that by Clair Wills, while playing up the theatricality of events, managed to overlook Connolly's contribution to the stage at Liberty Hall.[22]

Playwrights Margaretta D'Arcy and John Arden observed the extent to which the leaders of the Rising were dramatically engaged in every sense:

> Padraic Pearse was a playwright, so was the Countess Markievicz, so indeed was James Connolly (whose *Under Which Flag?*, attacking recruitment to the British Army and recommending enrolment in the ranks of rebellion, was played by The Workers' Dramatic Company only four weeks before the I9I6 Rising). On the whole, the main point about this committed drama was that its revolutionary content was not combined with any innovations of form. There was something of the Ibsen-Antoine tradition, something of the Yeats-Synge Irish poetic style, and a good deal of the old Boucicault heroic melodrama in its make-up.[23]

Of *Under Which Flag?*, David Krause remarks:

> The transparent plot of this thesis-play is obviously autobiographical: the young working-class hero must decide whether to enlist in the British army or join the Irish Republican Brotherhood and fight for Irish freedom. In his own youth, economic hard ship had forced Connolly to join the alien army, but now he had an opportunity to atone for that mistake by allowing his hero to reject the British flag and serve under the Fenian flag. Why did it not occur to Connolly that his hero had another choice, to serve under labor's flag of socialism?[24]

The second play Connolly is said to have written, *The Agitator's Wife*, has proved more elusive. No script has ever been found, and there is no specific record of performance. It was

first alluded to in his daughter Nora's 1935 memoir entitled *Portrait of a Rebel Father*, where Nora recalls a conversation between her father and mother, Lillie (*née* Reynolds) when they lived in America. Lillie has been a spectral figure in Connolly studies, but recent work on Irish women has uncovered important details of her life in all its richness and poverty, revealing that "she was assisted by a community of women who had developed a means of providing for their families in an age when there was no welfare system".[25] At the time when the anonymous short story entitled "The Agitator's Wife" appeared in 1894, Lillie and James Connolly were living in straitened circumstances with a young family from their early years together. Lillie, although she shied away from the gatherings addressed by her husband, was active in other ways:

> Their home in Lothian Street became a centre for socialist meetings. Lillie had had a better education than her husband and she worked with him on his political speeches and writings, although she shunned the public sphere.[26]

In the conversation recalled by Nora, Lillie talks about their difficulty in putting down roots – a difficulty linked to Connolly's political activism, key to the family's itinerant existence:

> They were living in New York. "It seems to be our fate, James," said mama when they were packing, "never to spend five years in any one place. … What's the use of building up a home when you know that it's bound to be broken up again? That play you wrote, 'The Agitator's Wife,' is just our life, isn't it?"
> "Yes," said daddy, laughing. "But I made the wife say things you never said, Lillie, though I'm sure you often felt them."[27]

Connolly was certainly widely-known as an agitator. According to Lorcan Collins: "Connolly set sail from Derry on 30 August 1902 and his visit was considered newsworthy enough to make page two of *The New York Times* under the heading 'Agitator Connolly Here'".[28] It seems that politics and family were inseparable for Connolly. Lorcan Collins cites the Belfast writer, Robert Lynd –himself inspired by Synge's *Riders to the Sea* to sympathise with Irish nationalism – with regard to Connolly's home life:

> A comrade, Robert Lynd, imagined that there "have been few revolutionary leaders … in whose life the affections of the home played a greater part. Poverty was there – poverty sometimes so overwhelming that it became a question whether there was anything else in the house left to pawn – but it is difficult not to think of that devoted family as being happy beyond the common lot. There was laughter as well as anxiety in the air. The family in *Little Women*, indeed, did not live in an atmosphere richer in human kindness than did the family of this dangerous agitator".[29]

Since that initial recollection by Connolly's daughter there have been several fleeting allusions to the lost play in other biographies. The words "sadly" and "unfortunately" attach themselves to any critical reference to this script, and it is not difficult to see why, since the missing play no doubt provided further evidence of Connolly's literary talent as well as his political ideals.[30] As Peter Berresford Ellis remarks:

> The creative side of Connolly also manifested itself through essays into purely creative writing, which nevertheless still propagated the beliefs which were near his heart.[31]

In his biography of Connolly, Samuel Levenson observes:

> In the United States Connolly wrote another play called *The Agitator's Wife*. If nothing else, these plays testify to Connolly's diligence, his willingness to use all forms of literature to convey his message, and his love for the drama. Connolly is said to have had a passion for Shakespeare but never once had the money to see a Shakespearean play performed.[32]

Desmond Greaves briefly mentions *Under Which Flag?* as Connolly's "second play": "The first was *The Agitator's Wife*, written in the USA".[33] Austen Morgan suggests that *The Agitator's Wife* was "a work inspired by the syndicalist movement", but laments that "The script of this play has not survived".[34] Steve Wilmer mentions the play in passing, remarking that "Connolly was […] fond of using theatre for propaganda and improving morale".[35] In an Appendix to his biography, Donal Nevin includes under "Writings of James Connolly":

> **Plays**
>
> *Under Which Flag?* [NLI William O'Brien Papers Ms. 13945].
>
> *The Agitator's Wife* [Written in America. Script presumed lost].[36]

According to Catherine Morris, who furnishes a date for the missing play:

> Melodrama was […] James Connolly's favored theatrical form, which he employed in his two Irish stage plays, *The Agitator's Wife* (1907) and *Under Which Flag?* (1916). As a political radical who wanted to reach a working class audience, melodrama appealed to Connolly precisely because it is a popular drama of sensation and sentiment that expresses the struggles of the oppressed.[37]

Morris adds: "The 1907 play script has never been found".[38] In an essay published in the centenary of the Easter Rising, Kirsty Lusk "reconsiders *Under Which Flag?* […] (once thought to have been lost, like another of [Connolly's] dramas, *The Agitator's Wife*)". If, as Lusk maintains, *Under Which Flag?* "affords us an opportunity to reassess his contribution to the struggle for independence as part of its literary wing", then the loss of *The Agitator's Wife* remains a serious gap in Connolly studies.[39]

In the chapter on "Woman" in *The Reconquest of Irelan*d (1915), Connolly considers the conditions of the female worker against the broader context of the women's rights movement, averring that the "women's war" is indissociable from class conditions under capitalism.[40] By foreseeing how class and gender intersect within the system, Connolly's defence of women emphasised how these structural inequalities are reproduced within the microcosm of the family: "The worker is the slave of capitalist society, the female worker is the slave of that slave."[41] The feminist revolution advocated within the Labour movement was echoed not only in the suffrage movement but also in the Easter Rising. This chimed with Connolly's perception both of the indivisibility of socialism from feminism, and of class consciousness as the substrate of the struggle. According to Gregory Dobbins: "Aside from being one of the earliest Irish republicans to link the struggle for independence to class, Connolly was also unique in that he linked it to an emergent feminism".[42] Noting that

"Connolly's Citizen Army […] accepted women and men on an equal basis", a commitment to equality enshrined in the Proclamation of 1916, Margaret Ward adds that "although it was obviously Connolly who insisted on its inclusion, the groundwork for its acceptance had been achieved through the work of the feminists".[43] The active engagement of women in political struggle in the years before the Rising – and not just in Ireland – informed Connolly's perspective. Later representations of the Rising, such as that in O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* (1926), demonstrate not only the demands placed upon those who participated, but the gendered environments that it sought to improve. While O'Casey was scathing of the Rising and its legacy, his portrayal of Nora Clitheroe is a negative image compared to that of "The Agitator's Wife", in that Nora is forced to remain at home while Jack assumes the politically active role:

> NORA (*flaming up*) […] Is General Connolly an' th' Citizen Army goin' to be your only care? Is your home goin' to be only a place to rest in? Am I goin' to be only somethin' to provide merry-makin' at night for you?[44]

We might here recall Connolly's dictum from "Socialism and Nationalism" (1897):

> If you remove the English army tomorrow and hoist the green flag over Dublin Castle, unless you set about the organization of the Socialist Republic your efforts would be in vain.[45]

Undoubtedly Connolly's republic has gender equality enshrined at its heart, without which it could not be called socialist and the efforts of the Rising would be in vain.

This confluence of socialism and feminism brings us to Connolly's lost play. We believe we may have unearthed, if not the play itself, then at least a version of the missing play. An anonymously published short story in the February 1894 issue of an obscure and short-lived Christian Socialist journal, *The Labour Prophet*, bears the title "The Agitator's Wife".[46] We know that Connolly's relationship with Christian Socialism – specifically Catholic radicalism – was complex and longstanding.[47] The title of the short story in *The Labour Prophet* may simply be coincidence, but it has all the hallmarks of Connolly's political interests, and of his life at that time in Edinburgh as a politically active young father and husband, dealing with the daily struggle for subsistence at home while fighting for workers' rights.[48] This was the year Connolly "appealed directly to Edinburgh's working classes through its large Irish population when he stood as the first Socialist candidate for the Scottish Socialist Federation in the municipal elections of October 1894."[49] Despite defeat, Connolly remained defiant. In an article published in the Edinburgh-based *Labour Chronicle* on 1 December 1894 under the pseudonym of "R. Ascal", he criticised his opponents:

> a certain colleague of Mr Jackson on the School Board has recently made an effort to deprive the women cleaners employed by that body of their wages, that is of their means of life, during sickness. Will Mr Jackson preach a sermon on the subject, taking for his text the injunction, "Rob not the poor because he is poor".[50]

This pseudonymous piece contains echoes of the anonymous short story that we believe may have been written by Connolly.

"The Agitator's Wife" tells the tale of docker Tom Arnold, driven to exhaustion by the pressures of leading a strike in the face of police provocation and brutality. The fact that his child appears to be near death's door adds to his sense of despair and drives him to contemplate suicide. Tom's wife Mary steps into his shoes and leads the weary and starving strikers when they are about to give up the fight. In this she is aided by the doctor who not only attends the sick child but is persuaded by her to speak out publicly in support of raising funds for the strikers' wives and children. The tide turns, and the Agitator's Wife has saved the day.

This is of course a short story and not a play, but in every other sense it fits the bill for Connolly's missing piece of writing. It was written in the appropriate period, it has the same title, it is rich in dialogue, and it reminds us strongly of Connolly's other writings in its politics, its themes, and in its socialist feminist viewpoint, which was rare for the time. We should be cautious, though, about overemphasising Connolly's feminist credentials, since while both *Under Which Flag?* and "The Agitator's Wife" – if it is the basis of Connolly's lost play – may offer strong women, those female figures remain subordinate in the larger world of male activism.

Like *Under Which Flag?* aspects of its plot could easily be seen as autobiographical. It has a strong moralistic impact, concerned more with conveying a political message than with narrative form or innovation. It is based on a working class hero suffering economic hardship. In the case of "The Agitator's Wife" the hero is Mary rather than Tom, since it is her efforts and powers of persuasion that bring success. When Tom, after a night's sleep, considers it is time to return to the dockers, the doctor tells him:

"From what I heard just now, your wife is wanted where she is."

A slight pang of jealousy seized Tom, but he was man enough to keep it under.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I suppose you think I ought to stay here?"

"Yes I do, until she asks you to change places."

Mary is placed in a position of power as decision-maker, reinforced when she sends out groups of women to collect money round the doors in support of the strikers:

> "Women will get a lot more than you men," she said. And the men assented. The more useless sex she was employing for the heavier work of collecting food and clothing.

"The more useless sex" is a phrase rich in irony, and demonstrates the author's forthright assertion of women as not just equal to men, but superior.

Connolly was certainly aware of the important part played by women in the struggles of Ireland and Britain at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century. In *The Re-Conquest of Ireland*, Connolly ended a chapter on "Woman" with these words: "In its march towards freedom, the working class of Ireland must cheer on the efforts of those women who, feeling on their souls and bodies the fetters of the ages, have arisen to strike them off, and cheer all the louder if in its hatred of thraldom and passion for freedom the women's army forges ahead of the militant army of Labour".[51] "The Agitator's Wife" offers insights into the crossover of suffragist and socialist standpoints that characterised those struggles. By placing the male figure within the domestic sphere and delegating to him the responsibility for childcare, this role reversal destroys the stereotypes of acceptable work for

men and women and invites us to reconsider where the weight of responsibility lies in the private and public domains.

This scenario has links with Connolly's 1914 poem, "The Legacy: The Dying Socialist to his Son", in which the father calls for his son to carry on his work and look to "the men and women of your class, tell them their wrongs and yours", just as Tom Arnold focuses on his own legacy, in the form of his son, determining "I'm going to pull him through and make a man of him".[52] For Connolly, it was not only his son, Roddy, that he encouraged; his older daughters were invited to attend his political meetings and speeches, and Connolly spoke to them often of his theories and agenda. Both Nora and Ina continued to fight after his execution in 1916 and would later write their own accounts to carry on their father's work. Connolly was driven to educate those of his class and others on the injustices they suffered and the work that could be done to change that situation. In "The Agitator's Wife", not only is Tom determined to educate his son, but Mary takes on the role of educator for the doctor and reader alike, alerting them to the links between poverty and ill-health and the suffering braved by the workers and their families. It is Mary who convinces reader and doctor of the importance of the workers' strike and provides them with knowledge of how best to assist in the battle for equality.

We know that many socialists wrote anonymously and pseudonymously in this period – Connolly himself appeared in print as "Spailpin" and "Saoirse", as well as "R. Ascal". He used these aliases to experiment with different forms and voices. He also published anonymously, the fall-back position of the socialist agitator. The doctor in "The Agitator's Wife" recognises that strikes and the violence that attends them are not popular with the press or public opinion, and yet in coming close to and understanding the family predicament of

the Arnolds he is forced to examine his own conscience and to play an active part in defending the workers and their families.

That two non-union members, a wife and a doctor, should prove pivotal in an industrial conflict, fits with Connolly's broad church attitude towards social struggle, apparent in his treatment of empire, gender, nationality, religion and war at a time when his comrades were more singularly obsessed with class. Connolly's intertwined advocacy of independence and equality made him, for George Russell and others, "a prophet and a precursor of a new order whose cultural edifice was to be constructed by sympathetic intellectuals".[53] "The Agitator's Wife", if it were in play form, would fit easily into a certain strand of Irish drama that placed women centre stage. The story certainly contains within it the seeds of a convincing social drama. Could it have been the template for a play performed but now lost? If so, then it suggests that in his own thinking on gender and politics Connolly was forging ahead of his contemporaries in the 1890s. According to Kevin Whelan:

> The enhanced public role for Irish women found many expressions. In 1907, Sinn Féin admitted women as members, and the Irish Women Workers Union was founded in 1911. James Connolly's Irish Citizen Army also admitted women on an equal footing in 1913 (with Markievicz in a leadership role). Cumann na mBan (The Women's Association) was founded to provide an explicitly militarist organization for Irish women in 1914, and a year later Inghinidhe na hÉireann coalesced with it.[54]

The kind of inclusive politics characterised by Whelan fit the world of "The Agitator's Wife":

> Politically active women in this period represented a cross section of Irish life, ranging from shop assistants to doctors, single and married, mothers and widows, Quakers and Jews, atheists and Catholics. Scholars once posited a strong opposition between their nationalism and their feminism: the current emphasis is on the overlapping of like-minded women and issues.[55]

Another Scot who made his name in Ireland, Abbey actor and playwright Andrew Patrick Wilson, authored a one-act play entitled *Victims*, about the 1913 Dublin Lockout. *Victims* also deals with the effects on a family of poverty and unemployment, featuring a diminished male character, out-of-work mechanic Jack Nolan – a victimised worker blacklisted by the bosses – and his articulate and engaged wife, Anne (played by Jim Larkin's sister, Delia, in the original production), who works from home while nursing her small boy. But unlike the redemptive and resistant denouement of "The Agitator's Wife", this short play ends tragically, in pathos and paralysis, with the death of the child and a slow curtain as the bereft couple "bend over cradle".[56] This posture of defeat and despair is the opposite of the ending of "The Agitator's Wife". Yet Anne Nolan gives a defiant speech that shows her mettle before the arrival of the rent collector puts paid to their hopes of resistance through love: "The joys of life are only secured after fighting. The greatest joy a woman can have – the joy of motherhood – is but a victory gained after a long struggle".[57] When Jack earlier remarks wearily that "Women are funny things, Anne", and hard to understand", his wife responds, "Yes, and the great big strong men are just like little children who never will understand".[58] In "The Agitator's Wife" the wife's defiance goes beyond the home, and beyond the family. There is a long debate in socialist writing – Brecht is key here – about the best way to galvanize and motivate an audience, whether through plays depicting strong characters that

end in defeat and despair (O'Casey, Synge, Wilson) and those that end in triumph with the character affronting or confronting their destiny (Connolly, early Yeats). This story provides a triumphant, hopeful outcome, as does *Under Which Flag?* James Moran notes that despite Sean O'Casey's dismissal of *Under Which Flag?*, "Connolly's depiction of communal solidarities interestingly anticipates the centrality of women to the organic life of the tenements depicted in O'Casey's Dublin trilogy".[59]

"The Agitator's Wife" is centred around a dockworkers' strike, and we know that the subject of industrial action was hugely influential in shaping Connolly's political development. The struggles of Scottish dockers against the Shipping Federation on the Leith waterfront from the late 1880s onwards were key to his intellectual formation and were evidently "part of wider conflicts".[60] It soon became clear that Irish-Scottish solidarity was vital to the strengthening of anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist struggle: "An epoch-making event in Irish workers' history, the Belfast dockers' and carters' strike of 1907, marked the beginning of the Glasgow, Belfast and Dublin socialist triangle".[61] Connolly was later actively involved in galvanising dockers. On 26 August 1911 he published a piece in the *Irish Worker* entitled "Belfast Dockers: Their Miseries and Triumphs", defending them from prejudice much as the anonymous author of "The Agitator's Wife" had done:

> Dockers are as a rule not famed for steadiness and sobriety, but when the nature of their casual labour is taken into account the fact cannot be wondered at. Were some of their "cultured" critics subject to the same conditions perhaps their genteel varnish would not survive the strain very well. Labour carried to such an excess that men must rest on alternate days to recuperate naturally produces demoralisation and evil habits; hence the organiser and agitator who preaches rebellion against exhausting, ill-

> paid labour is doing more to uplift and regenerate humanity than they who preach righteousness, but tolerate and encourage slavish conditions and the slavishness begotten of them.[62]

In terms of characters, dialogue and narrative, "The Agitator's Wife" certainly has the potential to be adapted for the stage. Perhaps Connolly wrote the story, saw this potential and then developed it in this way. More work obviously needs to be done to confirm whether the story is in fact the basis of Connolly's lost script, but circumstantial, textual and contextual evidence strongly suggests that it may be.[63] *The Labour Prophet* is a fascinating journal. More work needs to be done on this publication in order to establish whether there are further pieces there that may be by Connolly.[64] We offer it as a text for discussion and an invitation to the kind of detailed linguistic analysis that is the next logical step in research for the short story published here. That is indeed our primary reason for putting the whole piece into print.[65] There is of course a further possibility: that the "play" Nora heard her mother speak of as the family packed to leave New York was in fact a short story, and she had misheard.

THE AGITATOR'S WIFE.[66]

Tom Arnold was driven home in a cab. It was a novel situation for the secretary of the Seaport Branch of the Dockers' Union. He dismissed it at the end of the street, lest his wife should be alarmed.

He was so weak that he staggered like a drunkard. A spiteful neighbour saw him, and determined to make the most of it.

The street door opened straight into the little living room. The wife was leaning over the child's cot, trying to get it to take something from a spoon. The weary man closed the door noiselessly, and stood looking at his child with his arm around his wife's waist. The emaciated little thing opened its eyes, raised its head slightly, and vomited. Then it uttered a weak cry and breathed heavily.

"I must fetch Crayshaw," said Tom, and he turned to go.

"Not till you've had some porridge." And the wife persisted, seeing with her loving eyes that her husband was dead beaten.

As he hastily ate the porridge, Tom told his wife in a few words of the failure of the conference with the employers, and of Harry Martin's imprisonment.

"They laid a proper trap for Harry," said Tom. "Why, they had the police in a pawnshop right opposite ready for the job. Four blacklegs come along past our committee-room, Harry standing at the door. Then some woman began to chaff them, and one of the fellows swore at her, and used some very foul language. Harry saw there would be mischief, so he runs up to stop it. One of the women slapped the man's face before Harry could get to them, but he seizes her arm, when the chap puts up his hands at Harry, and swears he struck him. Out came the policemen from the pawnshop, all ready for the fun; they collar Harry, and run him in, sure enough."

"Why Tom, you don't mean that!"

"I do, as true as I sit here. They run him in, and knocked him about shameful on the way. When he came into court this morning, I hardly knew him. And then the villains swore he assaulted some free labourers, and was very violent and abusive when arrested, and a lot more lies, that put poor old Harry in for three months' hard."

The tears came to Mrs. Arnold's eyes. She got up to her boy to hide them. Harry Martin was the best friend they had in Seaport – had always stuck by Tom since first they came there, when the Branch was formed chiefly through his efforts.

"And then to hear them humbugs of magistrates talk!" exclaimed Tom, growing angry. "Why, they spoke of Harry as a desperate character – him as wouldn't hurt a fly if he could help it! They said they would take care Seaport was not ruled by a mob of lawless dockers, and hoped the strikers would take particular notice."

"They mean to smash us, Mary, and they will do it," continued Tom in desperation. "And now the boy is going. Where's the use of carrying on any longer? I feel like ending it, Mary!"

"You are not quite right, Tom. You must –"

"Quite right! No, I suppose I'm not quite right. My God, if that child dies – !"

"Hush, Tom! I can't bear to hear you talk like that. I'll go to Crayshaw's. You'll be better when you've had your supper."

* * * * *

"How's your husband, Mrs. Arnold?" said a man standing beneath a lamp.

"Oh, he's not himself at all. But I can't stop. I'm just fetching the doctor."

It was the spiteful neighbour, who had discovered more matter for the enemy. The Dockers' secretary coming home drunk in a cab, and the wife going for the doctor, would make a very pretty story.

Further on she met one of the dockers.

"How's Tom, Mrs. Arnold?"

"Oh, he's not himself at all. But I can't stop. I'm just going to the doctor's."

"Not had another faint, I hope?"

"Another faint! Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, he had a dead faint in the committee-room, and they sent him home in a cab. Didn't he tell you?"

Mrs. Arnold felt angry with her husband, and then a little proud of him, for not telling her.

"And the committee are talking of ending the strike and going to work on Monday."

"What a shame! And in Tom's absence. Go and tell them to talk no more nonsense of that sort till Tom comes back in the morning."

* * * * *

"How's Willie, Tom?" exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, as she entered the room, panting. "I'm going to pull him through, Mary," said Tom, quietly.

"You fainted, Tom!"

"Yes, I did. But I'm all right now. You go to bed, Mary, and get some sleep."

"I hear the committee you left are going to give in."

"Let them give in, and go to hell!" said Tom, wildly.

"And Seaport be the first town to yield! No, Tom! I can't stand that, if you can. It *will* be hell for the poor men, and for their wives and children, too, if they offer to go back on the masters' terms. How many of them will get employment, do you think? How many of them will stay in the Union? *You* may pack and go if they offer to return on Monday."

"What then? I couldn't get a harder billet, could I?"

"You are not yourself to-night, Tom; I see that. You are played out. Poor old chap! It's hard work serving these fellows."

“My God, Mary! I think it will kill me. If you knew all the things I’ve been thinking while you’ve been away, it would frighten you. There’s no right nor justice nowhere when a chap like Harry Martin goes to prison. It makes me feel like ending myself.”

“Tom, Tom! for shame! Think of your boy there!”

“That’s what I did, and what I’m going to do. And I’ve got a notion I’m going to pull him through and make a man of him.”

Tom sat down. He trembled all over as he slowly and tenderly stroked the head of his child.

“Bless his little heart!” said the mother. And she stooped down and gave the boy a gentle kiss. And then she gave Tom a kiss, and then another.

“But what about those poor fellows?”

“It will kill me to go back to them,” said Tom, pathetically.

“And Seaport be the town to give the strike away!” said Mrs. Arnold, sadly, as if talking to herself.

“I’ll see to Willie,” said Tom. “You go to bed, Mary.”

“Don’t be a fool, Tom! If you are beaten, I’m not; and I won’t see the men beaten, either.”

Tom rose slowly and heavily, as though he were lifting the whole earth on his shoulders.

“You’ll let me know, Mary, if anything happens.”

He tried to lift his heavy overcoat from the nail, and failed. Then he sank back on to the chair.

“I’ll mind the boy, Mary,” was all he said. A smile played over his face. Then he burst into a wild hysterical laugh.

Willie cried. Tom was up in an instant to attend to him. Mrs. Arnold sat silently watching and thinking.

"Tom," she said, at last, "you stay here and do what Crayshaw tells you. I'll go and see to the strike. At least, it will be a change for both of us."

The proposal acted like a shower-bath on Tom's overstrained nerves.

"My word, Mary!" he exclaimed, jumping from his seat, "we'll try it, and I do believe you'll bring the men through."

"And you won't let Willie slip away from us, Tom, will you?" said the mother, as she bent over her child to give him a parting kiss.

"No, Mary; you'll find him here when you come back. But when will that be?"
"When the tide has turned, Tom. Good-bye."

* * * * *

When Dr. Crayshaw arrived he found Tom Arnold busy washing up and putting things straight.

"I suppose Mrs. Arnold has gone to bed," he said.

"Oh, no! doctor. We've changed places. She'll see to the men, and I'm going to pull this boy through. And, look here, doctor, if you don't show me how to do it –"

Just now he would have given away every labour-struggle in the kingdom if he might but save his boy's life.

Dr. Crayshaw inquired about Tom's state of health. When he found how matters stood he sent him straight to bed, with a hot bottle at his feet, and a dose of brandy in his stomach.

Then he sat and watched the white and wasted child, and noted every sound and motion. Then he tried the effect of the food on him, but it was brought up again almost as soon as swallowed. Yet the poor little fellow seemed hungry, and eagerly sucked at the

spoon. He tried this thing and that added to the food to help digestion. Every twenty minutes a very small quantity was given, until at last one spoonful stayed down, then another, then another, and the child began to sleep very quietly. The Angel of Death slowly spread his wings and flew away.

This was a very eccentric doctor. Sometimes he would take a patient in hand like this – it was usually a child – and, sending everyone else away, would wrestle alone with Death until he had conquered. Doubtless he chose his cases instinctively, but he always won.

* * * * *

At six o'clock in the morning a messenger came from the mother asking how the child was. In answer to the doctor's inquiries the man said that Mrs. Arnold was at the committee-room, and that a deal of business had been going on through the night.

He dismissed the man with a message that the boy would live, and that her husband had had a good night's rest, and was still sleeping.

Then he woke Tom. He did not tell him the victory was won, but said there was more hope, and that everything now depended on how he carried out his instructions. These he gave very minutely, and said he would return at noon.

"Don't you think I ought to get the wife back?" asked Tom, his night's rest having restored his interest in the poor dockers.

"From what I heard just now, your wife is wanted where she is."
A slight pang of jealousy seized Tom, but he was man enough to keep it under.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I suppose you think I ought to stay here?"

"Yes, I do, until she asks you to change places. Besides, it will be the best thing by far for you. You have had a narrow escape. If you had gone back to those men last night – Well,

I don't want to frighten you. But you know the kind of thoughts that were running through your mind."

"You might have acted upon them," added the doctor, very slowly.

"I believe I should," said Tom, with a shudder.

He sat down by his child's cot and kissed him tenderly.

"The little fellow saved me," said Tom, reflectively. "And he'll pull through, I see. Why, look! he quite knows me! Bless his little heart! You've done a good night's work, doctor."

"Well, I'll be back at noon," he answered; and Tom was left alone.

* * * * *

Dr. Crayshaw set off home with a quick step. After about three minutes it grew slower. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind about some very difficult question. Once he stopped and turned round. Then he turned again and proceeded on his way home. Again he turned sharp round and walked off hurriedly along some narrow streets which led by short cuts to the docks.

As he neared the committee-room he overtook the messenger and told him that he would see Mrs. Arnold himself if he would direct him to her.

"Nothing going wrong, sir, I do hope?" said the man, with some feeling.

"Oh, no! The child will live."

"And our Tom, was he more like himself when you left him?"

"He's all the better for his night's rest, but he will have to be very careful."

"Ah, that he will, I'm sure. But, you see, he'd kill himself for us chaps, any day."

The doctor knew that there was more truth in this remark than the speaker could realise; and that, but for the strange turn things had taken, Tom's body might have been found in the docks that morning.

The doctor glanced round at the man by his side. He was a very common specimen of humanity, got up with special regard to cheapness. Badly clothed, badly fed, bent up with cold and hunger, he shuffled along with his hands in his pockets, looking as though there were little but an apology for a man left in him.

"You have been a long while getting here," remarked the doctor, "for me to be able to overtake you."

"Ah, I had to go round with that parcel."

"Indeed! Rather early to be delivering parcels."

"Well, you see, Mrs. Arnold had us all go home and see what we could fetch for them as is worse off than we are; and my missus put up some things, and I've left them at one of my mate's. I believe that woman is going to pull us through," added the man, and he shuffled along a little quicker and drove his hands deeper into his pockets.

"There's a good deal going to waste in these fellows," said the doctor to himself.

* * * * *

The church clock struck seven as Dr. Crayshaw entered the dockers' committee-room. Tom's wife was seated at a table, with a number of men around her. The moment she looked up and saw who had entered, her face turned deadly white, and her lips went thin and bloodless. The doctor's heart was touched. He hastened to assure her that all was going on as well as possible, both with child and husband. When she learned that Dr. Crayshaw had sat up all night with her child, she felt like putting her arms round his neck and kissing him.

“So all is well at home, thank God! And thank you, too, doctor. Now I must get back to these poor fellows. It won’t do for me to fail in my part.”

“You are an extraordinary woman, Mrs. Arnold!” said the doctor, with a look of genuine admiration.

Mrs. Arnold’s mind was back to business. She saw that such a look as that ought to be worth something.

All night long she had been getting out tubs and buckets for a big rainfall. But she had no idea where the rain was to come from.

In other words, she had been ordering a large number of collecting boxes to be made, and had begun to organise groups of women to carry them all over the town. “Women will get a lot more than you men,” she said. And the men assented. The more useless sex she was employing for the heavier work of collecting food and clothing.

These were her tubs and buckets, which she was setting out. But she did not know where the refreshing shower of public sympathy was coming from. For, unfortunately, public sympathy was with the shipowners; the police-court cases, of which Harry Martin’s was a type, having told heavily against the dockers.

“You are an extraordinary woman,” the doctor had said, with a look of admiration. “But I want your help, doctor. You won’t help a man, and then see a woman beaten.”

And then, before the doctor could express his astonishment at such a remarkable suggestion, Mrs. Arnold began telling him what her work of the night had been.

“But you have no public sympathy,” said the doctor. “You see the cases in the police courts –”

Mrs. Arnold stopped him, and explained the facts, especially those connected with the arrest of Harry Martin. The doctor sat down and listened patiently.

Then she pictured to him the extreme suffering of the women and children – innocent victims in this terrible dispute.

"Now, doctor, you will help me to help these poor people, won't you?"

"But, Mrs. Arnold, all this is quite outside my profession, you know. I don't interfere in cases I don't understand."

"The wife of one of our men died last night in confinement just for want of proper food and clothing. That's a case you can understand, doctor."

"But what can I do?"

"You can write a letter to the EVENING NEWS, and start a fund for feeding and clothing the women and children, leaving on one side the merits of the struggle altogether."

"Start a fund to support the strikers! Why! Mrs. Arnold!"

"The women and children are not on strike. Our nurses in a war tend the enemy's wounded. Surely you can help to stay loss of life through starvation! As a doctor, your action would be very fitting."

"Well, you are an extraordinary woman, Mrs. Arnold!"

"And you are not an ordinary man, doctor, or you would not have saved the life of my child. I want you to help to save other lives now. Why, even these poor hungry fellows here are making great sacrifices to do it. See how ill-fed and badly-clothed they are. At home they have ill fed and clothed wives and children. Yet this very night they have been fetching bits of food and clothing from their wretched homes to take to those who are even worse off than they are. What are *you* going to do, doctor?"

* * * * *

That night Mrs. Arnold returned home. "The tide has turned, Tom," she said, quietly. She held an EVENING NEWS in her hand. In it appeared a long letter from Dr. Crayshaw,

appealing for help for the starving women and children, and starting a subscription list with a cheque for £100. Below were other amounts which he had collected from a few prominent men in Seaport.

"I wondered why he didn't come back at noon," said Tom, when he had got over the first shock of gladness. "But Willie's been going on splendid, so I didn't trouble."

* * * * *

It little mattered that the report spread that Tom Arnold had returned home drunk in a cab after a mass meeting of strikers. The tide *had* turned. In three weeks all the ports of the kingdom were open to the men on the old terms, and it was generally admitted that Seaport had won the victory.

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[1] Lusk and Maley (eds.), *Commemorating Connolly*; Lusk and Maley (eds.), *Scotland and the Easter Rising*.

[2] See Dick, "The Behans: Rebels of a Century"; Lusk, "Short Skirts, Strong Boots and a Revolver"; Skinnider, *Doing My Bit For Ireland*. See also McCoole, *No Ordinary Women*. There were clearly agitators' husbands, brothers, sons and fathers in the period.

[3] According to Peter Berresford Ellis "He wrote at least one short story which was published in the first issue of his *Workers' Republic*, 13 August 1898". Ellis, *James Connolly: Selected Writings*, 49. We looked in vain for this 1898 story, but it put us on the lookout for early fiction as another creative pursuit to add to the poems, play and songs we knew about. False leads can prove fruitful.

[4] Maitland Sara Hallinan collection [Papers of Henry Sara (1886-1953), Trotskyist; and Frank Maitland (1909-2001), friend and executor of Sara], http://mrc-catalogue.warwick.ac.uk/records/MSH/1/153/1, accessed 15 December 2017.

[5] Ellis, *James Connolly: Selected Writings*, 49.

[6] Citing Yeats's much-quoted claim that his play "sent out certain men the English shot", Alvin Jackson remarks: "Seán Connolly, one of the Abbey Theatre actors, and an officer in the Irish Citizen Army, was killed on Easter Monday 1916 at Dublin City Hall. Connolly's last performance at the Abbey was in Yeats's 'Cathleen ni Houlihan', and his final appearance on stage was at Liberty Hall in a patriotic melodrama, 'Under which Flag?'". Alvin Jackson, "Mrs Foster and the Rebels", 159. Jackson doesn't mention the author of this "patriotic melodrama", or link Yeats with James Connolly, about whom he has some sharp things to say elsewhere in his essay.

[7] Lusk, "'Did that play of mine…?'", 420, citing Moran, *Four Irish Rebel Plays*, 276.

[8] See Skeffington, "Under Which Flag?: James Connolly's Patriotic Play", 6. It's been argued that Connolly's anti-enlistment drama was informed by Shaw's pro-recruitment play, *O'Flaherty VC* (1915). See Ritschel, "Shaw, Connolly, and the Irish Citizen Army", 131-2, n. 34. Recruitment was a major theme of the drama of the period. As Ritschel observes, in November 1915 Molony had staged a revival of George Farquhar's comedy, *The Recruiting Officer* (1706), "as an accompaniment to James Connolly's anti-recruitment efforts".

Ritschel, "Helena Molony and Revolutionary Theatre". *Under Which Flag?* is an anti-recruitment play that calls for the Irish people to serve the cause of Ireland and Labour rather than Britain and Empire. In this it follows *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*. "The Agitator's Wife" is a recruitment narrative of the same subversive kind, calling up recruits to the cause of the workers.

[9] Moran, *Four Irish Rebel Plays*, 276.

[10] Moran, *Four Irish Rebel Plays*, 277.

[11] Moran, *Four Irish Rebel Plays*, 277.

[12] Foster, *Vivid Faces*, 112. Even full-time historians get their dates wrong.

[13] Richards, "'Did That Play of Mine ...?'", 306.

[14] Laurence Cox has argued that Yeats and Connolly had very different conceptions of day-to-day politics. According to Cox, "there is no evidence that Connolly 'made a stone of his heart', nor did he need to […] he was a highly successful union organiser in three countries, constantly immersed in action. […] Nor, despite occasional crotchetiness in internal communication, does he seem to have seen himself as having made 'too long a sacrifice'". Cox's literal reading underplays the extent to which for both men the power of a transformative tale was crucial in the dramatic depiction of political struggle. Cox, "'Hearts with One Purpose Alone'", 57.

[15] Moran, *Four Irish Rebel Plays*, 118-19. Moran's somewhat dismissive remark about "the apparent absurdity of humdrum men donning military uniform" fails to address the fact that humdrum men were being recruited in their thousands to die for the British Empire (24).

[16] Moran, *Four Irish Rebel Plays*, 129.

[17] Women volunteers had two fight on two fronts, and did not secure service pensions until 1934. See Coleman, "Military Service Pensions and the Recognition and Reintegration of Guerrilla Fighters after the Irish Revolution", 556.

[18] Coleman, "Compensating Irish Female Revolutionaries, 1916-1923", 916.

[19] Ritschel, "Helena Molony and Revolutionary Theatre".

[20] *Under Which Flag?* was first published in Moran, *Four Irish Rebel Plays*, 105-132. It was reprinted as part of a special issue of *Interventions* edited by Morris and Thompson – "Under Which Flag? Revisiting James Connolly", 26-47. For some critical responses see Ritschel, "James Connolly's *Under Which Flag*, 1916"; Thompson, "Indigenous Theory: James Connolly and the Theatre of Decolonization."

[21] Ellis, "New Connolly Collection", 8.

[22] Wills, *Dublin 1916: The Siege of the GPO*. See Maley, "Shakespeare, Easter 1916, and the Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain", 191-2.

[23] D'Arcy and Arden, "A Socialist Hero on the Stage: Some of the Problems Involved in Dramatising the Life and Work of James Connolly," 172. As well as being a dramatist in his own right, Connolly has inspired others to stage his life. For a discussion of three such "bioplays" – Margaretta D'Arcy and John Arden's *The Non-stop Connolly Show* (1975), Larry Kirwan's *Blood* (1993), and Terry Eagleton's *The White, the Gold and the Gangrene* (1993) – see Kao, "James Connolly on Stage".

[24] Krause, "Connolly and Pearse: The Triumph of Failure?," 67.

[25] See McCoole, *Easter Widows*, chapter 3, "Lillie and James", 79.

[26] McCoole, *Easter Widows*, 75.

[27] O'Brien, *James Connolly: Portrait of a Rebel Father*, 96-7. Drama was in the family. Nora herself later "took part in a Volunteer play called 'Ireland First'" in Belfast. Nora Connolly, *The Unbroken Tradition* (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1918), 82.

[28] Collins, *16 Lives: James Connolly*, 102-3.

[29] Ibid., 69-70. Lynd wrote the introduction to the reprint of Connolly's *Labour in Ireland* (Dublin: Maunsel, 1920).
[30] Priscilla Metscher refers to *The Agitator's Wife* as "unfortunately lost". Metscher, "Connolly's Mature Concept of an Irish Socialist Republic,", 219.
[31] Ellis, *James Connolly: Selected Writings*, 49.
[32] Levenson, *James Connolly: A Biography*, 290.
[33] Greaves, *The Life and Times of James Connolly*, 400.
[34] Morgan, *James Connolly: A Political Biography*, 33; 209, n. 53.
[35] Wilmer, "Travesties: Ideologies and the Irish Theatre Renaissance," 36.
[36] Nevin, *James Connolly: A Full Life*.
[37] Morris, "A Contested Life: James Connolly in the Twenty-First Century," 114, n. 5. It is not clear how Morris inferred the date of 1907 for "The Agitator's Wife" as no source is offered for this information and it does not appear in other literature regarding the play.
[38] Ibid., 114, n. 5.
[39] Lusk, "'Did that play of mine…?'", 419.
[40] Ellis, *James Connolly: Selected Writings*, 189.
[41] Ellis, *James Connolly: Selected Writings*, 191.
[42] Dobbins, "Whenever Green Is Red", 620.
[43] Ward, "'Suffrage First, Above All Else!'", 34.
[44] O'Casey, *Complete Plays*, I, 189.
[45] Ellis, *James Connolly: Selected Writings*, 124.
[46] Anon, "The Agitator's Wife". In the last years of the nineteenth-century, when the Labour Church with its Christian Socialist fusion was gathering momentum, *The Labour Prophet*, with its byline of "Let labour be the basis for civil society", was "the movement's magazine". See Bevir, "The Labour Church Movement, 1891-1902," 220. It ran from 1892 to 1901, first as a penny monthly then as a free quarterly. See Sumpter, "*Labour Prophet* (1892-1901)", 339. Edited by John Trevor, subtitled "The Organ of the Labour Church", and later "And Labour Church Record", it was published in Manchester and London. According to Jacqueline Brophy: "Declared purpose was to represent the religious life which inspires the labor movement; aimed at furthering formation of a national organization of Labor Churches; included Cinderella supplement for children". Brophy, "Bibliography of British Labor and Radical Journals 1880-1914", 114.
[47] See Newsinger, "'As Catholic as the Pope'". Connolly, who opposed dogmatism in all shapes and forms, including militant atheism, published two key essays on the topic of radicalism and religion, "The New Evangel", in *Workers' Republic* (17 June 1899), https://www.marxists.org/archive/connolly/1901/evangel/socrel.htm, accessed 30 September 2018, and "Roman Catholicism and Socialism" in *The Harp* (September 1908), https://www.marxists.org/archive/connolly/1908/09/cathsoc.htm, accessed 30 September 2018.
[48] One scholar has discussed the story "by an unidentified author" in the context of a study of working-class women, but without making the Connolly connection. See Hill, "Women, Work, and God," 176.
[49] Morris, "A Contested Life", 103.
[50] Connolly, "Party Politicians – Noble, Ignoble and Local", 359
[51] James Connolly, *The Re-Conquest of Ireland* (Dublin: Liberty Hall, 1915), in Ellis, *James Connolly: Selected Writings*, 195.
[52] See Connolly, "The Legacy".
[53] Allen, "A Revolutionary Cooperation", 64.

[54] Whelan, "1916 in Ireland", 97.
[55] Ibid., "1916 in Ireland", 97.
[56] Wilson, "Victims", in *Victims and Poached*, 15. See Levitas, "Plumbing the Depths", 141-2.
[57] Wilson, "Victims", 13.
[58] Ibid., 13.
[59] Moran, "Conflicting Counter-Hegemonies", 524.
[60] Howell, *A Lost Left*, 19.
[61] Young, "John Maclean, Socialism and the Easter Rising", 24.
[62] Ó Cathasaigh, *The Lost Writings*, 117.
[63] One of our anonymous readers for this essay made the astute observation that the phrase "he was man enough to keep it under" chimes with Connolly's appeal to his wife on the eve of his execution, "Don't cry, Lillie, you'll unman me", quoted by his daughter in her memoir *The Unbroken Tradition*, 184.
[64] It certainly published other short stories – the next piece in the issue in which "The Agitator's Wife" appears is "Stumpy Tail. By a Boy of Eight". It is indeed a very stumpy tail, a paragraph in length. The same page also advertises a penny pamphlet by the editor entitled *Theology and the Slums*. *The Labour Prophet* 3, no. 26 (February 1894): 28.
[65] Again, we are grateful to the anonymous reader for urging us to be clearer as to our motives.
[66] Thanks to Carole Jones and Martin Sanders at the Modern Records Centre, University of Warwick Library for the scan of the story. This transcription by Dini Power, 6 July 2018. The authors are grateful to the anonymous readers for *Irish Studies Review* for their excellent insights and suggestions.